

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1834.

No. 6.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A HUMAN BEING, AND A CROWD.

WE had intended to make merry this week, in our leading article, with some light subject, but a late event in the metropolis (of which we are not going to speak politically) and the perusal of the affecting Romance of Real Life which is given in our present number, have set us upon graver thoughts, to which it may not be unsalutary to give way.

The reader will allow us to relate him an apologue.—A seer of visions, walking out one evening, just before twilight, saw a being standing in a corner by the wayside, such as he never remembered to have seen before. It said nothing, and threatened him no harm: it seemed occupied with its own thoughts, looking in an earnest manner across the fields, where some children were playing; and its aspect was inexpressibly affecting. Its eyes were very wonderful, a mixture of something that was at once substance and no substance, body and spirit; and it seemed as if there would have been tears in them, but for a certain dry-looking heat, in which nevertheless was a still stranger mixture of indifference and patience, of hope and despair. Its hands, which it now and then lifted to its head, appeared to be two of the most wonderful instruments that were ever beheld. Its cheeks varied their size in a remarkable manner, being now sunken, now swollen, or apparently healthy, but always of a marvellous formation, and capable, it would seem, of great beauty, had the phenomenon been nappy. The lips, in particular, expressed this capability; and now and then the creature smiled at some thought that came over it; and then it looked sorrowful, and then angry, and then patient again, and finally, it leaned against the tree near which it stood, with a gesture of great weariness, and heaved a sigh which went to the very heart of the beholder. The latter stood apart, screened from its sight, and looked towards it with a deep feeling of pity, reverence, and awe. At length, the creature moved from its place, looked first at the fields, then at the setting sun, and after putting its hands together in an attitude of prayer, and again looking at the fields and the children, drew down, as if from an unseen resting-place, a huge burthen of some kind or other, which it received on its head and shoulders; and with a tranquil and noble gesture, more affecting than any symptom it had yet exhibited, went gliding onwards toward the sunset, at once bent with weakness, and magnificent for very power. The seer then, before it got out of sight, saw it turn round, yearning towards the children; but what was his surprise, when on turning its eyes upon himself, he recognized, for the first time, an exact counterpart of his own face; in fact, himself looking at himself!

Yes, dear reader, the seer was the phenomenon, and the phenomenon is a human being, *any care-worn man*, you yourself, perhaps, if you are such, or your London Journalist;—with this difference, however, as far as regards you and us; that inasmuch as we are readers and writers of things hopeful, we are more hopeful people, and possess the two-fold faith which the phenomenon seems to have thought a divided one, and not to be united; that is to say, we think hopefully of heaven and hopefully of earth; we behold the sunset shining towards the fields and the little children, in all the beauty of its double encouragement.

A human being, whatever his mistakes, whatever his cares, is, in the truest and most literal sense of the word, a respectable being (pray believe it);—nay, an awful, were he not also a loving being;—a mystery of wonderful frame, hope, and capacity, walking between heaven and earth. To look into his eyes is to see a soul. He

[SPARROW AND CO. CRANE COURT.]

is surely worth twice, thrice, and four times looking at and considering,—worth thinking what we can do for him, and he for us, and all for each other. Our general impressions of things (as the reader knows) are cheerful and ready to receive abundance of pleasure. Our greatest sorrow, when we look abroad, is to think that mankind do not extract a millionth part of the pleasure they might, from the exceeding riches of Nature; and it is speedily swallowed up by a conviction, that Nature being so rich, and inciting them to find it out, find it out they will. But meanwhile, we look upon the careful faces we meet—upon the human phenomenon and his perplexities,—and as long as our sorrow lasts, an indescribable emotion seizes us, of pity and respect.

We feel a tenderness for every man when we consider that he has been an infant, and a respect for him when we see that he has had cares. And, if such be the natural feelings of reflection towards individual faces, how much more so towards a multitude of them,—towards an assemblage—a serious and anxious crowd?

We believe, that without any reference to politics whatsoever, no man of reflection or sensibility looked upon the great moving mass and succession of human beings which assembled the other day in London, without being consciously or unconsciously moved with emotions of this kind. How could they help it? A crowd is but the reduplication of ourselves,—of our own faces, fears, hopes, wants, and relations,—our own connexions of wives and children,—our own strengths, weaknesses, formidable power, pitiable tears. We may differ with it, we may be angry with it, fear it, think we scorn it; but we must scorn ourselves first, or have no feeling and imagination. All the hearts beating in those bosoms are palpitations of our own. We feel them somehow or other, and glow, or turn pale. We cannot behold ourselves in that shape of power or mighty want, and not feel that we are *men*.

We have only to fancy ourselves born in any particular class, and to have lived, loved, and suffered in it, in order to feel for the mistakes and circumstances of those who belong to it, even when they appear to sympathize least with ourselves: for *that* also is a part of what is to be pitied in them. The less they feel for us, the less is the taste of their own pleasures, and the less their security against a fall. Who that has any fancy of this kind, can help feeling for all those aristocrats, especially the young and innocent among them, that were brought to the scaffold during the French revolution? Who, for all those democrats, not excepting the fiercest, that were brought there also—some of whom surprised the by-standers with the tenderness of their domestic recollections, and the faltering ejaculations they made towards the wives and children they left behind them? Who does not feel for the mistaken popish conspirators, the appalling story of whose execution is told in our this day's Romance of Real Life, with that godlike woman in it, who is never to be passed over when it is mentioned? Who does not feel for the massacres of St. Bartholomew, of Ireland, of Sicily, of any place; and the more because they are perpetrated by men upon their fellow-creatures, the victims and victim-makers of pitiable mistake? The world are finding out that mistake; and not again in a hurry, we trust, will any thing like it be repeated among civilized people. All are learning to make allowance for one another: but we must not forget, among our lessons, that the greatest allowances are to be made for those who suffer the most. Also, the greatest number of reflections should be made for them.

Blessings on the progress of reflection and knowledge,

* Respectable, *respectabilis* (Latin) worth again looking at.

which made that great meeting the other day as quiet as it was. We have received many letters from friends and correspondents on the setting up of our Journal, for which we have reason to be grateful; but not one which has pleased us so much (nor, we are sure, with greater leave from themselves, to be so pleased) than a communication from our old 'Tatler' friend, S. W. H., in which he tells us, that he saw a copy of it in the hands of "one of the sturdiest" of the trades' unions, who was "reading it as he marched along;" and who (adds our correspondent) "could hardly be thinking of burning down half London, even if the Government did continue bent upon not receiving his petition."

May we ever be found in such hands on such occasions. It will do harm to nobody in the long run; will prevent no final good; and assuredly encourage no injustice, final or intermediate. "To sympathize with all" is the climax of our motto. None, therefore, can be omitted in our sympathy; and assuredly not those who compose the greatest part of all. If we did not feel for them as we do, we should not feel for their likenesses in more prosperous shapes.

We had thought of saying something upon crowds under other circumstances, such as crowds at theatres and in churches, crowds at executions, crowds on holidays, &c.; but the interest of the immediate ground of our reflections has absorbed us. We will close this article however, with one of the most appalling descriptions of a crowd under circumstances of exasperation, that our memory refers us to. On sending for the book that contains it to the circulating library, (for though too like the truth, it is a work of fiction) we find that it is not quite so well-written, or simple in its intensity, as our recollection had fancied it. Nothing had remained in our memory but the roar of a multitude, the violence of a moment, and a shapeless remnant of a body. But the passage is still very striking. Next to the gratification of finding ourselves read by the many, is the discovery that our paper finds its way into certain accomplished and truly gentlemanly hands, very fit to grapple, in the best and most kindly manner, with those many; and to these an extract at this time of day, from Monk Lewis's novel, will have a private as well as public interest.

The author is speaking of an abbess, who has been guilty of the destruction of a nun under circumstances of great cruelty. An infuriated multitude destroy her, under circumstances of great cruelty on their own parts; and a lesson, we conceive, is here read, both to those who exasperate crowds of people, and to the crowds that, *almost before they are aware of it*, reduce a fellow-creature to a mass of unsightliness. For, though vengeance was here intended, and perhaps death (which is what we had not exactly supposed, from our recollection of the passage) yet it is not certain that the writer wished us to understand as much, however violent the mob may have become by dint of finding they had gone so far; and what we wish to intimate is, that a human being may be seized by his angry fellow-creatures, and by dint of being pulled hither and thither, and struck at, even with no direct mortal intentions on their parts, be reduced, in the course of a few frightful moments, to a state which, in the present reflecting state of the community, would equally fill with remorse the parties that regarded it, *on either side*,—the one from not taking care to avoid offence, and the other from not considering how far their resentment of it might lead;—a mistake, from which, thank heaven, the good sense and precautions of both parties saved them, on the occasion we allude to.

* St. Ursula's narrative," says Mr. Lewis, speaking of a

nun who had taken part against the abbess, and who was relating her cruelty to the people, "created horror and surprise throughout; but when she related the inhuman murder of Agnes, the indignation of the mob was so audibly testified, that it was scarcely possible to hear the conclusion. This confusion increased with every moment. At length a multitude of voices exclaimed, that the prioress should be given up to their fury. To this Don Ramirez positively refused to consent. Even Lorenzo bade the people remember that she had undergone no trial, and advised them to leave her punishment to the Inquisition. All representations were fruitless; the disturbance grew still more violent, and the populace more exasperated. In vain did Ramirez attempt to convey his prisoner out of the throng. Wherever he turned, a band of rioters barred his passage, and demanded her being delivered over to them more loudly than before. Ramirez ordered his attendants to cut their way through the multitude. Oppressed by numbers, it was impossible for them to draw their swords. He threatened the mob with the vengeance of the Inquisition; but, in this moment of popular phrenzy, even this dreadful name had lost its effect. Though regret for his sister made him look upon the prioress with abhorrence, Lorenzo could not help pitying a woman in a situation so terrible; but in spite of all his exertions and those of the duke, of Don Ramirez and the archers, the people continued to press onwards. They forced a passage through the guards who protected their destined victim, dragged her from her shelter, and proceeded to take upon her a most summary and cruel vengeance. Wild with terror, and scarcely knowing what she said, the wretched woman shrieked for a moment's mercy: she protested that she was ignorant of the death of Agnes, and could clear herself from suspicion beyond the power of doubt. The rioters heeded nothing but the gratification of their barbarous vengeance. They refused to listen to her: they shewed her every sort of insult, loaded her with mud and filth, and called her by the most opprobrious appellations. They tore her one from another, and each new tormentor was more savage than the former. They stifled with howls and execrations her shrill cries for mercy, and dragged her through the streets, spurning her, trampling her, and treating her with every species of cruelty which hate or vindictive fury could invent. At length a flint, aimed by some well directed hand, struck her full upon the temple. She sank upon the ground bathed in blood, and in a few minutes terminated her miserable existence. Yet though she no longer felt their insults, the rioters still exercised their impotent rage upon her lifeless body. They beat it, trod upon it, and ill-used it, till it became no more than a mass of flesh, unsightly, shapeless, and disgusting."

SECOND WEEK IN MAY. FLOWERS.

"When I said I would die a bachelor," observes Benedict, "I did not think I should live to be married." When we said last week that we could make use of the pages of no author, whose pages on the seasons had already been turned to account, and when we named in our list the writings of Mr. Howitt, we did not think that we should make use of him the very week after our boast. So it is however, and we have three reasons for it; first, (to put on a bold face and be candid about the matter—and it is fitting that "pride should have a fall") because we find we cannot do justice to subjects of this kind, without some help of the sort; second, because Mr. Howitt is the latest, as well as one of the very best of the good writers upon it, and therefore has been less quoted than others; third, because in consequence of the sale already attained by this cheap little paper of ours, the quotations from any book must of necessity be new by many readers who have not met with the book; and fourth, because we have a very particular reason for it, which we shall give an insolent and peculiar piquancy to, by keeping it to ourselves. In writers who have animal spirits, and are tasting of success upon the strength of them, the reader must allow something of an inconsistency now and then,—at least as far as regards system, and what we shall do with the dishes before us; otherwise we give him notice that he is not returning us charity for charity, and that we shall think ourselves authorized to turn round upon his conscience, and ask him if he has had no inconsistency or other infirmity of his own, to test the good-nature of others. Besides, it is May; and who that knows what May is, or feels it as he ought, cares for any of the ordinary unreasonable reasonableness of things, and does not give way to the prior reasons of natural impulses, and all the openness and jovialities that belong to them,—always provided they are honest and have a conscience. We will hear of no faults and inconsistencies this month, and certainly shall not except our own. We stifle objection with May-bushes—pelt it with cowslips—overthrow it into clover. An eloquent and wholesale enjoyer of Nature, who

does not mince matters,—Professor Wilson, has spoken highly of Mr. Howitt's book. The *Athenæum* speaking of its having arrived at a second edition, exclaims, "A second edition! it ought to have been the ninth." We quote these authorities to strengthen our own, and to do what we can towards bettering the growth of the editions. And now for a good, luxuriant, proper piece of May-time out of Mr. Howitt's pages. It is a lump of rich earth and turf, which we transplant into our garden, with all its daisies on it.

"However the festivities with which our ancestors hailed the opening of this month, may have sunk into neglect, Nature has not forsaken her festivities. She still scatters flowers, and revels in dew; she still loves her leafy garniture, and the bursts of unoppressive sunshine; for though we moderns may abandon the customs of our forefathers, and may even deny to May those joyous attributes with which they delighted to invest her; though we complain of cold winds, dull days, and frosty nights, cutting down flower and leaf, and have them too, yet is May a gladsome month withal. Vegetation has made a proud progress; it has become deep, lavish, and luxuriant; and nothing can be more delightful than the tender green of the young hawthorn leaves. Primroses still scatter their million of pale stars over shady banks, and among the mossy banks of hazels; and once more, amid the thickly-springing verdure of the meadow, we hail the golden and spotted cowslip. In woods there is a bright azure gleam of *Myorotis sylvatica*, a species of forget-me-not, and of those truly vernal flowers called by botanists *Scilla nutans*, by poets blue-bells, and by country folks cuckoo's stockings. The ferns are pushing forth their russet scrolls amongst the forest moss and dead leaves. In pools—and none of our indigenous plants can rival our aquatic ones in elegance and delicate beauty—are this month found the lovely water-violet (*Hottonia palustris*) and the buck bean, originally *bug-bane* or bog plant, from its place of growth (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), like a fringed hyacinth. The gorse and broom are glorious on heaths and in lanes.

"In the early part of this month, if we walk into woods, we shall be much struck with their peculiar beauty. Woods are never more agreeable objects than when they have only half assumed their green array. Beautiful and refreshing is the sight of the young leaves bursting forth from the grey boughs, some trees at one degree of advance, some at another. The assemblage of the giants of the wood is seen, each in its own character and figure; neither disguised nor hidden in the dense mass of foliage which obscures them in summer;—you behold the scattered and majestic trunks; the branches stretching high and wide; the dark drapery of ivy which envelopes some of them, and the crimson flush that grows in the world of living twigs above. If the contrast of grey and mossy branches, and of the delicate richness of young leaves gushing out of them in a thousand places be inexpressibly delightful to behold, that of one tree with another is not the less so. One is nearly full clothed,—another is mottled with grey and green, struggling as it were which should have the predominance, and another is still perfectly naked. The wild-cherry stands like an apparition in the woods, white with its profusion of blossom, and the wilding begins to exhibit its rich and blushing countenance. The pines look dim and dusky amid the lively hues of spring. The abeles are covered with their clusters of albescent and powdery leaves and withering catkins; and beneath them the pale spathes of the arum, fully expanded and displaying their crimson clubs, presenting a sylvan and unique air. And who does not love 'the wood-notes wild'? We again recognize the speech of many a little creature who, since we last heard it, has traversed seas and sojourned in places we wot not of. The landscape derives a great portion of its vernal cheerfulness not merely from the songs of birds but from their cries. Each has a variety of cries indicative of its different moods of mind, so to speak, which are heard only in spring and summer, and are both familiar and dear to a lover of Nature. Who ever heard the *weet weet* and *pink-pink* of the chaffinch, or the *winkle-winkle* of the blackbird as it flies out of the hedge and skims along before you to a short distance, repeatedly on a summer evening about sunset,—at any other time? In spring mornings by three or four o'clock the fields are filled with a perfect clamour of bird-voices, but at noon the wood is their oratory. There the wood-pecker's laugh still rings from a distance—the solemn coo of the wood-pigeon is still deep and rich as ever—the little chill-chill sounds his two notes blithely at the top of the tallest trees; and the voice of the long-tailed titmouse, ever and anon, sounds like a sweet and clear-toned little bell. Nests are now woven to every bough and into every hollow stump.

"As the month advances, our walks begin to be haunted with the richness of beauty. There are splendid evenings, clear, serene, and balmy, tempting us to continue our stroll till after sunset. We see around us fields golden with crowfoot, and cattle basking in plenty. We hear the sonorous streams chiming into the milk-pail in the nooks of crofts, and on the other side of hedges."

May, being a good-natured month, seems resolved to see fair play in its birth-days to all sorts of opinion; though perhaps there is not a name among them altogether ungenial. Some of them are gloriously the reverse; and the most unchristian in their theology are

not without some Christianity of nature. Last week we noticed the birth-days of Shakspeare and Fielding; in the week before us we have

Oliver Cromwell, born on the 9th of the month (26th of April, old style) in the year 1599, at Huntingdon.

David Hume, born on the 10th, 1717, at Edinburgh.

Edward Gibbon, the day after him, 1737, at Putney, in Surrey; and

Joseph Addison, May 14th, 1672, at Wiltston.

Let us see what May-time and Christian charity can incite people to say of them, in hopes of getting a favorable verdict when they want it themselves. And you may hear of the faults and mistakes of such men (observe) in all the histories and biographies.

Cromwell, the rough teacher of monarchs, and disappointer of republicans, was, with all his faults, a kind son, father, and husband. He was fond of music, though his sect was against it; could be very jovial at a party; and yet said withal, that he would make the name of an Englishman as respected as that of an old Roman; which, during his life, he did.

Hume, the most unphilosophic (in some respects) of all philosophic historians, and a bigoted enemy of bigotry, (that is to say, unable to give candid accounts of those whom he differed with on certain points) was a good-natured, easy man in his own personal intercourse, dispassionate, not ungenerous, and could do people kind and considerate services. Out of the pale of sentiment, and of what may be called the providential and possible, he was an unanswerable, or at least an unanswerable dialectician; but there was a whole world in that region, into which he had no insight; and for want of it he was not qualified to pronounce finally on matters of faith and religion.

Gibbon was a sceptic, in some respects, of a similar kind, and more immersed in the senses. Perhaps his life was altogether a little too selfish, and lapped up in cotton. He lumbered from his bed to his board, and back again, with his books in the intervals, or rather divided his time between the three, in a sort of swiftness of scholarship,—the most prone of bookworms. Martyrdom and he were at a pretty distance! He was not the man to die of public spirit, or to comprehend very well those who did. But his scepticism tended to promote toleration. He was an admirable Latin scholar, a punctilious historian, an interesting writer, in spite of a bad style; and his faults, of every kind, appear to have been owing to temperament and disease, and to his having been an indulged infant, and heir to an easy fortune. Let us be thankful we got so much out of him, and that so diseased a body got so much out of life. A writer's infirmities are sometimes a reader's gain. If Gibbon had not disliked so much to go out of doors, we might not have had the *Decline and Fall*.

And is charity wanted for Addison too? Yes. For whom is it not? The least of us cannot escape, nor the greatest whom we look up to. Addison's nature certainly was not the free, open, generous nature of his friend Steele; neither was his Christianity always as Christian as he took it to be, not even perhaps when he died. But what grace, ease, wit, and sense in his writings; and how much good they did to private life, and what gratitude we owe him to this hour in consequence! No man can be sure, that a good part of the decency and amenity of intercourse which he enjoys in his own house at this moment, is not owing to the lessons of Addison. This fine writer died in Holland-house, Kensington, and has a street named after him in that quarter, probably by direction of the noble and accomplished owner of the mansion.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

X.—CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE.

WE are indebted to the third volume of Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (now republishing) for this most affecting narrative, the deep impression of which upon us, after our first perusal many years ago, has never been effaced; and we find the stamp got sharply again,—yet not without sweetness! Blessings on the heart and soul and immortal memory of that beloved woman, (far superior to all ordinary strength, or fancied callousness—for no such common-place would or could have supported it,) who attended the dying, tortured man in his "agony and bloody sweat,"—(words that we dare

venture to apply, even to a nature so far inferior, and so mistaken in its heroism,) and who held his burning head, and saw him make the sign of the cross:—and blessings on the sweetness of humanity surviving in these miserable and deluded, yet noble spirits, the Chidock Titchbournes, and on the letter written by Chidock to poor "Sweet-cheek" his wife, (what a gentle flower of a word to remember and comfort himself with in his last anguish,) and on all the mingled greatness and tenderness which, as Mr. D'Israeli truly observes, marks the age of the men of Shakspeare. We hear nothing more of poor "Sweet-cheek,"—a name that seems to paint her nature, and fortunately promises for her patience. She had need of it, thus losing a young and noble husband.

Mr. D'Israeli did quite right to retain the horrors of the story, horrid though they are. The beauty is greater than the horror. The gold is proved by the fire.

"Midst intestine struggles, or perhaps, when they have ceased, and our hearts are calm, (says our author,) we perceive the eternal force of nature acting on humanity: then the heroic virtues and private sufferings of persons engaged in an opposite cause, and acting on different principles than our own, appeal to our sympathy and even excite our admiration. A philosopher, born a Roman Catholic, assuredly could commemorate many a pathetic history of some heroic Huguenot; while we, with the same feeling in our heart, discover a romantic and chivalrous band of Catholics.

"Chidock Titchbourne is a name which appears in the conspiracy of Anthony Babington against Elizabeth, and the history of this accomplished young man may enter into the romance of real life. Having discovered two interesting domestic documents relative to him, I am desirous of preserving a name and a character which have such claims on our sympathy.

There is an interesting historical novel, entitled "The Jesuit," whose story is founded on this conspiracy; remarkable for being the production of a lady, without, if I recollect rightly, a single adventure of love. Of the fourteen chapters implicated in this conspiracy, few were of the stamp of men ordinarily engaged in dark assassinations. Hume has told the story with his usual grace: the fuller narrative may be found in Camden; but the tale may yet receive, from the character of Chidock Titchbourne, a more interesting close.

Some youths, worthy of ranking with the heroes, rather than with the traitors of England, had been practised on by the subtlety of Ballard, a disguised Jesuit of great intrepidity and talents, whom Camden calls "a sullen priest in a soldier's habit;" for this versatile intriguer changed into all shapes, and took up all names; yet, with all the arts of a political Jesuit, he found himself entrapped in the nets of that more crafty one, the minister Walsingham. Ballard had opened himself to Babington, a catholic; a youth of large fortune, the graces of whose person were only inferior to those of his mind.

In his travels, his generous temper had been touched by some confidential friends of the Scottish Mary; and the youth, susceptible of ambition, had been recommended to that queen; and an intercourse of letters took place, which seemed as deeply tinged with love as with loyalty. The intimates of Babington were youths of congenial tempers and studies; and, in their exalted imaginations, they could only view in the imprisoned Mary of Scotland a sovereign, a saint, and a woman. But friendship, the most tender, if not the most sublime ever recorded, prevailed among this band of self-devoted victims; and the Damon and Pythias of antiquity were here out numbered.

But these conspirators were surely more adapted for lovers than for politicians. The most romantic incidents are interwoven in this dark conspiracy. Some of the letters to Mary were conveyed by a secret messenger, really in the pay of Walsingham; others were lodged in a concealed place, covered by a loosened stone, in the wall of the queen's prison. All were transcribed by Walsingham before they reached Mary. Even the spies of that singular statesman were the companions or the servants of the arch-conspirator Ballard; for the minister seems only to have humoured his taste in assisting him through this extravagant plot. Yet, as if a plot of so loose a texture was not quite perilous, the extraordinary incident of a picture, representing the secret conspirators in person, was probably considered as the highest stroke of political intrigue! The accomplished Babington had portrayed the conspirators, himself standing in the midst of them, that the imprisoned queen might thus have some kind of personal acquaintance with them. There was at least as much of chivalry as of machiavelism in this conspiracy. This very picture, before it was delivered to Mary, the subtle Walsingham had copied, to exhibit to Elizabeth the faces of her secret enemies. Houbraken, in his portrait of Walsingham, has introduced in the vignette the incident of this picture being shown to Elizabeth; a circumstance happily characteristic of the genius of this crafty and vigilant statesman.

Camden tells us that Babington had first inscribed beneath the picture this verse:—

"Hi mihi sunt comites, quos ipsa pericula ducunt."
These are my companions, whom the same dangers lead.

But as this verse was considered by some of less

heated fancies as much too open and intelligible, they put one more ambiguous:—

"Quorum hæc allo properantibus?"

What are these things to men hastening to another purpose?

This extraordinary collection of personages must have occasioned many alarms to Elizabeth, at the approach of any stranger, till the conspiracy was suffered to be sufficiently matured to be ended. Once she perceived in her walks a conspirator; and on that occasion erected her "lion port," reprimanding her captain of the guards, loud enough to meet the conspirator's ear, that "he had not a man in his company who wore a sword."—"Am not I fairly guarded?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

It is in the progress of the trial that the history and the feelings of these wondrous youths appear. In those times, when the government of the country yet felt itself unsettled, and mercy did not sit in the judgment-seat, even one of the judges could not refrain from being affected at the presence of so gallant a band as the prisoners at the bar: "Oh Ballard, Ballard!" the judge exclaimed, "what hast thou done? A sort (a company) of brave youths, otherwise endued with good gifts, by thy inducement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion." The Jesuit himself commands our respect, although we refuse him our esteem: for he felt some compunction at the tragical executions which were to follow, and "wished all the blame might rest on him, could the shedding of his blood be the saving of Babington's life!"

When this romantic band of friends were called on for their defence, the most pathetic instances of domestic affection appeared. One had engaged in this plot solely to try to save his friend, for he had no hopes of it, nor any wish for its success; he had observed to his friend, that the haughty and ambitious mind of Anthony Babington, would be the destruction of himself and his friends; nevertheless he was willing to die with them! Another, to withdraw, if possible, one of those noble youths from the conspiracy, although he had broken up housekeeping, said, to employ his own language, "I called back my servants again together, and began to keep house again more freshly than ever I did, only because I was weary to see Tom Salisbury's struggling, and willing to keep him about home." Having attempted to secrete his friend, this gentleman observed, "I am condemned, because I suffered Salisbury to escape, when I knew he was one of the conspirators. My case is hard and lamentable; either to betray my friend, whom I love as myself, and to discover Tom Salisbury, the best man in my country, of whom I only made choice, or else to break my allegiance to my sovereign, and to undo myself and my posterity for ever." Whatever the political casuist may determine on this case, the social being carries his own manual in the heart. The principle of the greatest of republics was to suffer nothing to exist in competition with its own ambition; but the Roman history is a history without fathers and brothers! Another of the conspirators replied, "For flying away with my friend, I fulfilled the part of a friend." When the judge observed, that, to perform his friendship, he had broken his allegiance to his sovereign; he bowed his head and confessed, "Therein I have offended." Another, asked why he had fled into the woods, where he was discovered among some of the conspirators, proudly (or tenderly) replied, "For company."

When the sentence of condemnation had passed, then broke forth among this noble band that spirit of honour which surely had never been witnessed at the bar among so many criminals. Their great minds seemed to have reconciled them to the most barbarous of deaths; but as their estates, as traitors, might be forfeited to the queen, their sole anxiety was now for their families and their creditors. One, in the most pathetic terms, recommends to her majesty's protection a beloved wife; another, a destitute sister; but not among the least urgent of their supplications was one, that their creditors might not be injured by their untimely end. The statement of their affairs is curious and simple. "If mercy be not to be had," exclaimed one, "I beseech you, my good lords, this; I owe some sums of money, but not very much, and I have more owing to me." Another prayed for a pardon; the judge complimented him, that he was one who might have done good service to his country; but declares he cannot obtain it.—"Then," said the prisoner, "I beseech that six angels, which such an one hath of mine, may be delivered to my brother to pay my debts."—"How much are thy debts?" demanded the judge. He answered, "The same six angels will discharge it."

That nothing might be wanting to complete the catastrophe of their sad story, our sympathy must accompany them to their tragical end, and to their last words. These heroic yet affectionate youths had a trial there, intolerable to their social feelings. The terrific process of executing criminals was the remains of feudal barbarism, and has only been abolished very recently. I must not refrain from painting this scene of blood; the duty of an historian must be severer than his taste, and I record in the note a scene of this nature.* The pre-

* Let not the delicate female start from the revolting scene, nor censure the writer, since that writer is a woman—suppressing her own agony, as she supported on her lap the head of the miserable sufferer. This account was drawn up by Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby, a Catholic lady, who, amidst the horrid execution, could still her own feelings in the attempt to soften those of the victim: "I was a heroine, with a tender heart."

The subject was one of the executed Jesuits, Hugh Green, who often went by the name of Ferdinand Brooks, according to the custom of these people, who disguised themselves by double names: he suffered in 1645; and this narrative is taken from

sent one was full of horrors. Ballard was first executed, and snatched alive from the gallows to be embowelled: Babington looked on with an undaunted countenance, steadily gazing on that variety of tortures which he himself was in a moment to pass through; the others averted their faces, fervently praying. When the executioner began his tremendous office on Babington, the spirit of this haughty man cried out amidst the agony, "Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!"—"Spare me, Lord Jesus!" There were two days of execution; it was on the first that the noblest of these youths suffered; and the pity which such criminals had excited among the spectators evidently weakened the sense of their political crime; the solemnity, not the barbarity of the punishment, affects the populace with right feelings. Elizabeth, an enlightened politician, commanded, that on the second day the odious part of the sentence against traitors should not commence till after their death.

One of those *generosi adolescentuli* (youths of generous blood) was Chidock Titchbourne, of Southampton the most intimate friend of Babington. He had refused to connect himself with the assassination of Elizabeth; but his reluctant consent was inferred from his silence. His address to the populace breathes all the carelessness of life, in one who knew all its value. Proud of his ancient descent from a family which had existed before the conquest till now without a stain, he paints the thoughtless happiness of his days with his beloved friend, when any object rather than matters of state engaged their pursuits; the hours of misery were only first known the day he entered into the conspiracy. How feelingly he passes into the domestic scene, amidst his wife, his child, and his sisters! and even his servants! Well might he cry, more in tenderness than reproach, "Friendship hath brought me to this!"

"Countrymen, and my dear friends, you expect I should speak something. I am a bad orator, and my text is worse. It were in vain to enter into the discourse of the whole matter for which I am brought hither, for that it hath been revealed heretofore; let me be a warning to all young gentlemen, especially *generosi adolescentuli*. I had a friend, and a dear friend, of whom I made no small account, whose friendship hath brought me to this; he told me the whole matter, I cannot deny, as they had laid it down to be done; but I always thought it impious, and denied to be a dealer in it; but the regard of my friend caused me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified; I was silent, and so consented. Before this chanced, we lived together in most flourishing estate: of whom went report in the Strand, Fleet-Street, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Titchbourne? No threshold was of force to brave our entry. Thus we lived, and wanted nothing we could wish for; and God knows what less in my head than matters of state. Now give me leave to declare the miseries I sustained after I was acquainted with the action, wherein I may justly compare my state to that of Adam's, who could not abstain one forbidden thing, to enjoy all other things the world could afford; the terror of conscience awaited me. After I considered the dangers whereto I was fallen I went to Sir John Peters in Essex, and appointed my horses should meet me at London, intending to go down into the country. I came to London, and then heard that all was betrayed; whereupon, like Adam, we fled into the wood to hide ourselves. My dear countrymen, my sorrows may be your joy, yet mix your smiles with tears, and pity my case. I am descended from a house, from two hundred years before the Conquest, never stained till this my misfortune. I have a wife, and one child; my wife Agnes, my dear wife, and there's my grief—and six sisters left in my hand—my poor servants, I know, their master being taken, were dispersed; for all which I do most heartily grieve. I expected some favour, though I deserved nothing less, that the remainder of my years might have recompensed my former guilt; which seeing I have missed, let me now meditate on the joys I hope to enjoy."

Titchbourne had addressed a letter to his "dear wife Agnes," the night before he suffered, which I discovered among the Harleian MSS.* It overflows with the most natural feeling, and contains some touches of expression, all sweetness and tenderness, which mark the Shakespearian era. The same MS. has also preserved another precious gem, in a small poem, composed at the same time, which indicates his genius, fertile in imagery, and fraught with the melancholy philosophy of a fine and wounded spirit. The unhappy close of the life of such a noble youth, with all the prodigality of his feelings, and the cultivation of his intellect, may still excite that

the curious and scarce folios of Dodd, a Catholic Church History of England.

The hangman, either through unskillfulness, or for want of a sufficient presence of mind, had so ill performed his first duty of hanging him, that when he was cut down he was perfectly sensible, and able to sit upright upon the ground, viewing the crowd that stood about him. The person who undertook to quarter him was one Barefoot, a barber, who being very timorous when he found he was to attack a living man, it was nearly half an hour before the sufferer was rendered entirely insensible of pain. The mob pulled at the rope, and threw the Jesuit on his back. When the barber immediately fell to work, ripped up his belly, and laid the flaps of skin on both sides; the poor gentleman being so present to himself as to mope the sign of the cross with one hand. During this operation, Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby (the writer of this), knelt at the Jesuit's head, and held it fast beneath her hands. His face was covered with a thick sweat; the blood issued from his mouth, ears, and eyes, and his forehead burnt with so much heat, that she assures us she could scarce endure her hand upon it. The barber was still under a great contortion." But I stop my pen amid these circumstantial horrors.

* Harl. MSS. 36. 50.

sympathy in the *generosus adolescentulis*, which Chidiok Titchbourne would have felt for them!

A letter written by Chidiok Titchbourne the night before he suffered death, unto his wife, dated anno 1586.

"To the most loving wife alive; I commend me unto her, and desire God to bless her with all happiness; let her pray for her dead husband, and be of good comfort, for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my Maker and Redeemer in the most joyful throne of his glorious kingdom. Commend me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charity to pardon me, if I have offended them. Commend me to my six sisters, poore desolate soules, advise them to serve God, for without him no goodness is to be expected: were it possible, my little sister Babb, the darling of my race, might be bred by her, God would reward her; but I do her wrong I confesse, that hath by my desolate negligence too little for herselfe, to add a further charge unto her. Deere wife, forgive me, that have by these means so much impoverished her fortunes; patience and pardon, good wife, I crave—make of these our necessities a virtue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I knowe not the order of the lawe, piteous it hath taken from me all, forfeited by my course of offence to her majestie. I cannot advise thee to benefit me herein, but if there fall out where-withal, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourselfe with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it known to my uncles, and desire them, for the honour of God, and ease of their soules, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sisters bringing up; the burden is now laid on them. Now, Sweet-cheek, what is left to bestow on thee, a small joynture, a small recompense for thy deserving, these legacies following to be thine owne. God of his infinite goodness give thee grace alwaies to remain his true and faithful servant, that through the merits of his bitter and blessed passion thou maist become in good time of his kingdom with all the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessities for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where, until it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell lovinge wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!

"By the hand from the heart of thy most
"faithfull lovinge husband,
"CHIDIOCK TICHEBOURNE."

VERSES,

Made by Chidiok Ticheborne of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason.—1586.

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"I sought for death, and found it in the wombe
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade,
I trade the ground, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!"

XI. ONE OF THE SHORTEST AND SWEETEST OF ALL STORIES.

MR. WALSH, a gentleman of large fortune, who died about fifty years back, bequeathed an estate of four thousand a year to his niece, Mrs. Benn; but from negligence, resentment, or some other cause, neither explained or understood, left his next male heir, and near relation, unprovided for.

With an addition so important, and at a period which calculates, to a nicety, gratifications and expenses to keep pace with, or exceed the most enormous rent-roll, the majority of mankind would have sate down passively contented; or if any solicitude interrupted their brilliant dreams, it would have been anxiety to determine in what species of luxurious superfluity the new acquisition should be expended. But Mrs. Benn, a very epicure in the theory of real and substantial luxury, declared that her present income was adequate to all her wishes and all her wants, and reserving only a little Berkshire villa, endeared to her by early habits, and in which she had passed some of the happiest hours of her life, presented, and by legal conveyance made over this considerable bequest to her neglected cousin; a free and gratuitous gift, neither demanded nor expected, vast in its amount, and worth, at its lowest valuation, A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

XII. ANOTHER, OF THE SAME CAST.

The law of divorce decreed by the national convention had passed but a short time, when there applied to take the benefit of it a young couple, who had been generally considered by their neighbours, as patterns of connubial felicity. The young woman was beautiful, rich, and married to a lover without fortune; but a few days after the divorce had taken place, they were again united in

wedlock; a transaction, which exciting considerable surprise, was thus explained.

Their first union having been what is called a love-match, the lady's guardians, actuated by laudable prudence, had the whole fortune settled on the wife, absolutely independant of her husband, whose moments in the giddy raptures of the honeymoon, rolled on with facility and pleasure. But when time and reflexion had sobered his senses, he complained that his hands, by the illiberal distribution of his wife's fortune, were tied up from engaging in agricultural, professional, or commercial pursuits, so admirably calculated for giving a zest to all enjoyment, by occupying those intervals of life which are otherwise so apt to stupify our faculties in the listlessness of leisure, or the gloom of inactivity. For such evils, this excellent wife saw and provided a remedy. By dissolving their first marriage she became the uncontrolled mistress of her fortune, and gave an effectual proof of her liberality and affection, if not of prudence, by making her husband, on their second marriage, the unfettered master of all she had. The happy husband was thus enabled, by love, the great arbiter of destinies, to whom we are indebted for supreme happiness, or harassing inquietude, to devote a portion of his fortune to elegant or useful occupation.

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1834.

THE death of Mr. Stothard, at the venerable age of eighty-four, has grieved all the lovers of art, though it has been long expected. But they regret to think that they can have no "more last words" from his genius—no more of those sweet and graceful creations of youth, beauty, and womanhood, which never ceased to flow from his pencil, and which made his kindly nature the abode of a youthful spirit to the last. An angel dwelt in that tottering house, amidst the wintry bowers of white locks, warming it to the last with summer fancies.

Mr. Stothard had the soul in him of a genuine and entire painter. He was a designer, a colourist, a grouper; and above all, he had expression. All that he wanted, was a more perfect education, for he was never quite sure of his drawing. The want was a great one; but if those who most loudly objected to it, had had a tenth part of his command over the human figure, and even of his knowledge of it, (for the purposes of expression,) they would have ten times the right to venture upon criticising him; and having that, they would have spoken of him with reverence. His class was not of the very highest order, and yet it bordered upon the gentler portion of it, and partook of that portion; for since the days of the greatest Italian painters, no man felt or expressed the graces of innocence and womanhood as he did. And his colouring (which was little known,) had the true relish, such as it was. He loved it, and did not colour for effect only. He had a bit of Rubens in him, and a bit of Raphael—and both of them genuine; not because he purposely imitated them, but because the seeds of gorgeousness and of grace were in his own mind. The glowing and sweet painter was made out of the loving and good-natured man. This is the only process. The painter, let him be of what sort he may, is only the man reflected on canvass. The good qualities and defects of his nature, are there; and there they will be, let him deny or disguise it as he can. In youth, Stothard was probably too full of enjoyment, and had too little energy at the same time, to study properly. In the greater masters, enjoyment and energy, sensibility and strength of purpose, went together. Inferiority was the consequence; but inferiority only to them. The genius itself was indestructible.

Mr. Stothard, for many years, was lost sight of by the public, owing to the more conventional elegancies of some clever, but inferior men, and the dullness of public taste; but it was curious to see how he was welcomed back again as the taste grew better, and people began to see with the eyes of his early patrons. The variety as well as grace of his productions soon put him at the head of designers for books, and there he has since remained. What he did of late for the poems of Mr. Rogers is well known, and his picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims still better, though we cannot think it one of his best. Many of his early designs for Robinson Crusoe and other works, especially those in the old Novelist's Magazine far surpass it; and so do others in Bell's British Poets. There is a female figure bending towards an angel in one of the volumes of Chaucer in that edition, which Raphael himself might have put in

his portfolio; and the same may be said of larger designs for editions of Milton and Shakespeare. See in particular those for Comus, and for the Two Gentlemen of Verona, where there is a girl in boy's clothes. Nothing can be more true or exquisite than the little doubtful gesture of fear and modesty in the latter figure, blushing at the chance of detection. Stothard excelled in catching these fugitive expressions of feeling—one of the rarest of all beauties. But he has left hundreds, perhaps thousands of designs—rich treasures for the collector and the student. He is one of the few English artists esteemed on the continent, where his productions are bought up like those of his friend Flaxman, who, we believe, may be reckoned among his imitators; for Stothard's genius was richer than his, and included it.

The lovers of wit, patriotism, and poetry will be glad to hear that there is a small bust to be had, of the famous Andrew Marvell, done in a composition imitating marble, by C. Stephens. It is copied from an old print, which is reckoned his most genuine likeness; and is probably superior to it, inasmuch as the sculptor has added a certain refinement, not to be found in the original, but such as might reasonably be expected in it, when we consider that Marvell was a man of sentiment as well as wit, and worthy to be the friend and champion of Milton; to whose busts by the way, this new one of his brother patriot (the first, we believe, that has appeared) may be deemed in every respect a companion. The costume is the same; they were companions in their lives; and on mantle-pieces they "ought not to be divided." Marvell should go along with his friend in *our* as he does in *book*; for the noble lines are his, which are generally printed before the *Paradise Lost*, beginning "When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold."

Paganini has brought forth his viola; the grand viola, he calls it. In his hands, it is indeed grand. We have not as yet heard him play any of his most interesting performances on it; none of those melodies of Mozart or Haydn, with which he has enchanted us on his violin,

"Con simplicia parole, e puri incanti;"

but we have heard his handling still, and his is "a master's hand," worth hearing, for its own sake alone. It has been said that it is no novelty; that it is like his violin playing. This is in some respects true. It is like his violin playing, but it is lower, and *finely* lower. It has enabled Paganini to descend, like another Orpheus, into the lower regions, with all his beauty. It is less brilliant, of course, than the shorter-stringed instrument; but fuller toned, with a sweetness and mellowness in the harmonics, and a compass, rich in loveliness. We long to hear him play "Possenti Nuni!" the finest of bass songs, upon it; or "Qui Sdegno," the most beautiful.

A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

THE rare sight of a Rhinoceros in England,—(a sort of hog-elephant, or mixture of elephant, hog, tapir, and cattle-moose, cased in compartments of armour, and with a bit of horn on his nose,—whence his name,—Rhinoceros signifying Nose-horn,*) will give double zest to the following description of a hunt of him in the new novel, *Makanna or the Land of the Savage*,—a book defective in artifice of management, but very interesting upon the whole, both in a general point of view, in incident and in character.

The Rhinoceros, with its strange compound of sensibility and callous skin, acuteness and awkwardness, irritability, bulkiness, mildness, and huge appetite, looks like a sort of lesser Dr. Johnson among animals, as the elephant seems the larger and more respectable prototype. It was, doubtless, from an instinct of this sort, that Davies the bookseller struck out that simile, which every body thought so unaccountable and yet some how so happy. He said that the Doctor *laughed* like a Rhinoceros.

"For a long way the track continued to traverse the lower bed of the hollows, now piercing through fields of dry reeds, which, in the proper season, form a chain of morasses, or threading the broken jungle that fringes the hanging woods above. The hunters were even becoming careless from the dull unvarying sameness of the pursuit, when, in passing a thicket, Laroon observed that the tender branches of a small euphorbia had been so recently cropped, that the corrosive, but,

* From the Greek. 'Pis (Rhino) a nose; and Kepas (Keras) a horn.

to the eye, milk-like juice of the tree was still trickling from its wounds.

"Zounds," said Cootje, quietly, "the Dwyka is at hand. Not a beast of the forest can stomach that poison, save himself.—Hist!"

The precaution was needless, for not a leaf stirred, and the humming of a bee was audible at twenty yards.

"Now," said Cootje, in a low whisper, as the party passed on into a more open space, where, for the first time, a glimpse of the expected river might be discerned through some scattered 'wre-houts' (iron wood-trees), winding sluggishly, like a black serpent, along a rugged chasm, while a reedy swamp stretched out in front, and the jungle to the right, as the ground ascended, thickened into forest.

"Yes, now's the time to put the Dwyka on his mettle;—the hill and trees will sicken him for speed—and if he tries the swamp, we shall puzzle him worse than either."

The justice of this opinion appeared to be generally admitted, and immediate arrangements were made to act upon it. One of the first of these was to send two Hottentots into the wood alone, with the view of rousing the gentleman's attention. Drakenstein and Vernon made slowly for the farther side of the swamp, while Laroon was left to hold the incensed animal in check should he attempt to retreat by his former path into the jungle. In his present condition little could be expected from Gaspal, to whom was therefore assigned the more easy task of firing the reeds if occasion demanded.

This distribution of force was very judiciously effected, but nothing appeared to follow it. The intense green of the wood above drank in the sunbeams in undisturbed serenity as before; and except the low crooning of a wood pigeon, or the remote chatter of a baboon, that seemed, as he moved on a neighbouring tree, to mock their patience, the hunters found no token of life or motion.

This unsatisfactory stillness had continued for some ten minutes longer, when suddenly a small portion of the wood above became violently agitated;—the higher branches smote together, and some of the tallest trees bowed their leafy heads, as if the axe was at their roots.

The commotion increased,—trees fell, and, with a harsh grunting snort, the ponderous beast burst through the crashing branches.

Not a shot had been fired, and the 'Dwyka,' making for the swamp, finished his gambol by rolling in the mud.

The creature was still splashing about most gloriously, when the Hottentots, following his track, issued from the wood. Hitherto they had acted with exemplary prudence, by doing nothing;—but now they marred all, by firing without any proper aim, or chance of success.

Astonished by the report, or rather pricked into attention by a trifling flesh-wound, the swarthy monster sprang to the land. For a few seconds he stood puzzled and irresolute, swinging his grotesque head from side to side, with a strange impatient motion. Whatever might have been the intention of this harlequinade, it was soon over, for, with a sudden lunge, the creature threw himself into extreme speed, and charged full in the direction of Laroon.

Long inured to emergencies of danger, the quick-eyed Creole foresaw the attack, and waited coolly for the proper moment to guard against it, by wheeling his horse behind a hummock of rock, most invitingly at hand. This moment had arrived,—the 'Dwyka' within some hundred paces, was rushing snorting forward amid a cloud of dust, when, had the manoeuvre been effected, his skull must have been dashed against the projecting rock, for such was his speed, that halt or turn was equally impossible.

The moment had arrived, but when Laroon attempted to give his horse the necessary impulse, he found the conscious animal shivering and motionless, paralyzed by fear.

The time for thought was past: with the icy chill of desperation at his heart, but still not disconcerted, Laroon cast his rifle on the adjacent rock, with convulsive energy withdrew his feet from the stirrups, pressed them on the shoulders of his steed, and vaulted in the same direction.

Scarcely was this desperate spring effected, when the 'Dwyka' came in contact with the horse, and crushing him against the rock, with the blow staved in his ribs, at the same moment as, by a jirk of his head, he disemboweled him. The 'Dwyka's' horn hung rather in the chest of his victim; and in a second effort to withdraw it, the vicious beast fell on the mangled body.

Cootje said, afterwards, that at this juncture Laroon might with ease have dispatched the enemy, and that with even a single shot. Be that as it might, the 'Dwyka' soon arose, and shaking the clotted gore from his head, looked around, as if in search of a second conquest.

Gaspal with Laroon's led horse, were at hand; but the 'Dwyka,' as if disdainful the slaughter of Hottentot or cattle, with a loud wild snort, galloped off in the direction of Cootje.

Now was the time for firing the reeds; and Gaspal managed the matter so adroitly, that as the 'Dwyka' floundered through the morass, the crackling fast-spreading flames gathered fiercely and terrifically around. Defended by his impenetrable hide, the obdurate beast, though bellowing with affright, still dashed impetuously forward, while ever and anon, his huge and dusky bull, rising with sudden bounds from amid the burning reeds,

as the black hull of a storm-tossed boat staggers through the foam of broken waves, was seen by starts, environed with a flashing ocean of glowing fire, or disappearing in whelming eddies of whirling smoke.

On such occasion the damage is not so great as might be imagined; and when the retreating 'Dwyka' made the shore, he was in fact more dazzled by the glare, and intimidated by the crackling and smoke, than scorched by the flames. Upon the whole, however, his valour was on the wane, and, totally sick of the adventure, he very prudently prepared for flight, by rushing past Laroon, to retrace his former path through the hollows.

Among the jungles of this level, his tremendous strength, as the hunters knew, would most avail him; and they accordingly made every possible exertion to impede his course.

Two of the re-mounted Hottentots put their horses on full speed, in a parallel direction, with the hope of overreaching the beast; and Drakenstein, Vernon, and Gaspal followed, *pêle-mêle*, on the 'spoor.'

Hoarse shouts and frequent shots, now rattling in the jungle or booming from the hollows, gave a wild animation to the scene. From time to time, too, a small cloud of white smoke, arising here and there above the distant foliage, gave notice that the expedient of firing the herbage was again had recourse to; but as the tumultuous rout passed off, and its discord, growing remote, died on the ear in a faint hoarse murmur, little idea could be formed as to the ultimate event of the chase.

But who, in so stirring a moment, could reason so coolly? Absorbed in the headlong fury of pursuit, the hunters had passed Laroon unheeded; and no sooner were they gone, than obeying one of those impulses that were as the leading angels of his fate,—the latter mounted the spare horse before mentioned, and venturing on the wild track through which the 'Dwyka' had broken, sought, with an anxious look, the deepest shadows of the forest."

A GOOD FELLOW.

ABSTRACT OF DE KOCK'S NOVEL "UN BON ENFANT," OF WHICH THERE IS NO ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

There is nothing more ridiculous (quoth our author) than to see a person pursuing an omnibus, already far in advance, which still continues to gain in the race; the conductor, who is employed in looking right and left, never casts his eye upon the dilatory passenger. If the unfortunate be a man, he runs, then he stops, he lifts his hand to the air, he lifts his cane, his umbrella, if he have one; he shakes his arm, as if he would play the drum-major; he puts forth every now and then a-hoy! hoy! hoy!—Conductor!—hallo! hau! ho, there! Now he runs a little, now he pants through the mud, and at last catches the unlucky coach half-way to his place of appointment. If the pursuer be a woman, she either runs not at all, or runs always; women do nothing by halves, they are sooner decided than men; and moreover they run with more grace; they have the tact to choose the pavement too, in courting the attention of the conductor. They certainly sometimes withdraw their garment a trifle; but after all, where is the crime of shewing a leg, especially when it is well made? and few are shown that are otherwise.

"A young man was in pursuit of the sixpenny coach, a goodlooking fellow, of moderate height, but well made; his countenance was frank and pleasing; his dress of a good fashion. At length he caught the omnibus as it turned towards la Madeleine, following the Boulevards; it was tolerably full.

"Have you room, conductor?" "Yes, sir;—on the right, at the bottom; sit a little closer, gentlemen, if you please."

"The young man enters, and does his best to make his way among the immovable legs, the projecting knees, wet umbrellas, muddy feet, and ill-tempered faces; for if ever you have been in an omnibus, gentle reader, (and it is most likely, if you inhabit the capital,) you must have remarked, that when the coach is something furnished with passengers, the arrival of another darkens the countenance of every one; firstly, because it is a cause of delay, and then because it is troublesome to be squeezed. The new-comer is therefore but ill received, and no one moves to make room for him. I have often wondered that those who speculate in such vehicles, have not yet thought of dividing them into stalls, like the front rows of the pit at the theatre; they would then at least be visible, and one would not be liable to receive a passenger on one's knee; and that passenger not always light and pretty. Our new comer sate himself between a man very large, who seemed displeased that any one should sit by him, and a lady who seemed to think the contact of her gown and the young man's coat indecent. "They are going to pack us like herrings!" grumbled the enormous gentleman, stretching his limbs, so as to make himself comfortable. The lady says nothing; but as a fold of her gown remained under her new neighbour, she draws it back with quickness, assuming an air of dignity, of prudery, one of those airs that prove nothing but the absence of amenity." The young man also endeavours to settle himself as comfortably as possible, without paying any attention to the murmurs of the gentleman or the airs of the lady. As soon as he was fairly seated, he looks about him to see what his fellow passengers are like. They are a motley crew, but as

they have nothing to do with our history, we will leave the curious reader to seek them in our original, and well will they repay him if he does. The omnibus starts, but makes but little way, on account of its frequent stoppages. At length it is shaken by a sudden shock; some one has jumped on the steps without allowing the mass to stop. "It is a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, in a Hussar's uniform, young, tall, with large black mustachios, which together with eyes and eye-brows of the same colour, a very dark complexion, and features strongly marked, gave his countenance an expression somewhat hard and repulsive. "Where the deuce is this gentleman going to put himself?" said the fat gentleman; but in a low voice, and less insolently than he usually spoke. The soldier did not seem at all embarrassed; he advances, pushes back legs, knees, looking all the while right and left, as though to choose his place. At length he throws himself pelemêle among the people, and forces a place. The soldier recognizes in the young man, his school-fellow, Charles Darvillé, and announces himself as Emile Mongérand. To the dismay of the passengers he talks across every body to his old friend, in a loud voice, reminding him of all their wild frolics as school boys and youths, as though they were alone. It was Sunday, and Charles Darvillé was going to dine with his mother, but Mongérand persuades him to go into a coffee-house to rejoice over their meeting, for Charles is a good fellow, and cannot refuse to do any thing he is asked at the moment. From the coffee-house he drags him to the house of Rozat, another of his school-fellows; thence he takes them both to a billiard-room, where he gets into a row. Rozat evades at the commencement of the disturbance. Charles magnanimously waits till Mongérand himself leaves him to pursue some of his enemies of the coffee-house. It is ten o'clock when he gets to his mother's. His mother is a kind woman, but has hurt her own authority with her goodnatured but careless son, by a severe and reserved manner. Some friends are with her, and among them M. Formerey and his niece Leonie; which latter the elder people intend as a wife for Charles. M. Formerey is a very exact tradesman, and Charles's want of punctuality annoys him. Charles, however, manages to excuse himself to the satisfaction of all parties. The girl pleases him, and he pleases her. They are married, and old M. Formerey retires, leaving his business to the young couple.

Darvillé is charmed with his wife, and pays more attention to her than to his business. He plays, however, on the violin. At length Leonie presents him with a daughter. He promises himself the satisfaction of giving her a fine education. Leonie smiled and said to her husband, "That which will be above all things necessary to give her, my friend, is a portion. You know women seldom marry without it. You must therefore endeavour to earn money, and get up our business again, which has not gone on very well for some time." "Be easy,—that will all come right: Vanflouck has promised me two commissions. I will give our child a hundred thousand livres, not a jot less."

In order to begin making his child's portion, Charles runs to announce its birth to all his friends; and to celebrate the happy event, he eats oysters with one, a cutlet with another; plays for his coffee with a third, and drinks beer with Vanflouck; and thus he passes the day out of doors that he ought to have devoted to his wife. Scarcely is Leonie recovered, when she places herself again in the counting-house, and examines the books. She sees with affright that already they have suffered considerable losses in a business which, in her uncle's time, was so fruitful. Charles now often stays out the whole day, and if in the evening he sees signs of distress in his gentle wife's face, he takes his hat and goes out again; "a way husbands have when they are in the wrong; it is a short one, but not the best!" The day of payment for six thousand francs arrives, and Leonie has but half that sum in her strong box. Charles went out in the morning to get some bills discounted, and, according to his custom, stayed out till evening. Rozat and his wife look in while Leonie is still anxiously waiting for her husband. Charles at last comes home. He had been dining with Vanflouck. His colour was higher than usual, and he spoke as if every one were deaf. Leonie saw at at once that her husband was a little elevated, and her face was overshadowed with care. Rozat, shaking hands with his friend, smiled archly, while Madame Rozat murmured between her teeth "very pretty!" "Here I am," cried Charles, with a joyous air; "good evening, Rozat—good evening, madame!—I could not come home to dinner, for I was detained with Vanflouck by a Brussels man, who took us to Grignon's, and treated us magnificently!" "Do you know this Bruxelesois then?" said Leonie, coldly. "No; I saw him for the first time—but he is a very pleasant man, without ceremony; besides, he is the most intimate friend of Vanflouck's." Charles draws something from his pocket for his wife.

Leonie said tranquilly. "What, my friend, is this another present?" Charles opened a little box, and drew from it a handsome pair of diamond earrings, which he presented to his wife, saying, "A week ago I made you stop before a shop window, and asked you which you thought the prettiest, and you showed me these, and I have brought them to you." "How gallant," said Rozat. Leonie took the earrings, but did not seem enchanted with the present, and she said with a little hesitation, "Good, good, my friend, I said I thought those earrings pretty, because you would positively have my opinion; but that was no reason why you should buy them—such rich jewels—it is a folly!"

Charles grew still redder; he drew back a step or two, crying, angrily, "Make presents to your wife, and see how she receives them. This is pleasant. It is enough to make the best tempered man angry! Women do not deserve that we should pay them any attentions!" Leonie had never seen her husband angry; she grew pale, and large tears stood in her eyes. Rozat pinched up his lips, and his wife again muttered "very pretty!" "Come, my dear Charles," said Rozat, affecting an air of simple good nature, "You do not say what you think; women will always merit our homage, our care, our adoration." Before Rozat had finished, Leonie rose from her chair; she ran to her husband, and throwing herself into his arms, hid her face in his bosom, sobbing out, "Ah! my friend, do not be distressed, I was wrong, and I ask your pardon!" With Charles, anger did not last long, and he tenderly embraced his wife. "What a picture!" said Rozat. "Very fine! magnificent! full of fire!" said his wife, looking at the diamonds. Charles borrows some money to replace what he had paid for the diamonds.

"Where is this d—d rascal Charles? where is he, that I may embrace him?" said a tall dark man one day, entering cavalierly into the counting-house where Leonie sat.

"Sir, my husband is out; but"—"Oh, you are his wife, ma'am. Ah! I recollect they told me he was married. And I—I have been married too; I did that folly a year ago. But that is done with, thank God! I cut the Gordian knot. I laugh at it! I made myself a bachelor again. We separated, for good and all!—we had had enough of it, both of us!—Enchanted, madame, to make the acquaintance of my school-fellow's wife—Charles must have spoken to you often of me!"—"Your name, Sir?" "Ah! true! I ought to have told you at first: Mongérand—Emile Mongérand, class-fellow of Charles, then non-commissioned officer of hussars, then marchand de nouveautés, then married, then—I don't know what yet—but always, a faithful and devoted friend, and I hope Charles thinks so."

With Mongérand Charles does not retrograde in dissipation. Mongérand takes him every where, to drink, to smoke, to gamble. Charles's easiness gives way before Mongérand's peremptory persuasions, his sarcasms against a led husband; for your weak people, of all others, have the greatest dread of being thought to be governed by their wives. He stays out late at night, and returns smelling of wine and tobacco. His affairs get more and more deranged. His wife loses her health, her peace, but never her affection for her unthinking husband. One day he dines with Mongérand, Rozat, and two ladies of very equivocal repute. His love for his wife fails in this ordeal of temptation; he gets very drunk after dinner, and returns late at night. His wife is already asleep; and he succeeds in getting into bed without waking her. But he cannot sleep; ill conscience and excess of wine disturb his rest, and he is ill. His groans wake his wife. "What is the matter, my friend," said she; "can you not sleep?" "No, I can't sleep." "Are you unwell?" "Yes, I feel ill, I don't know—perhaps—I feel unwell!" "Wait a moment, I will get up." "Perhaps if you call the maid!"—"The poor girl works hard all day, and must be very tired; I can take care of you, and get you any thing you wish." Leonie gets up, overcomes her weariness, puts her dressing gown on, and lights a fire. In a little while some tea is made, and the young wife brings it to her husband. Presently he feels better, and goes to sleep. Leonie would not return to bed till she was quite sure that Charles was asleep; then placing near her any thing her sick husband might wish for, if he waked, she lay down. Still it was almost against her will that she went to sleep, still she kept her ear attentive, while her eyes were closed, in case her husband should complain. Soon after that night Leonie was again a mother, and Charles had a son born during one of his habitual absences.

His new mistress wishes him to take her to a *bal champêtre*. He has never passed the night out before, but he must take her, or see her no more. He pretends business in the country, and goes. While dancing at the ball, he hears that his house has stopped payment. He persuades himself he can set all things right on his return, and so he dances on.

Madame Darvillé comes to see her son, immediately after his return. She reproaches him with his neglect of business, of his child, his wife. She upbraids him with having exposed himself in public places accompanied by a mistress! Leonie hears it and faints, for she was quite unsuspecting. Madame Darvillé leaves her son to make his peace with his wife, leaving with him two-thirds of her property. His gentle wife forgives him. They pay their creditors, and change the house for a lodging, living on the wrecks of their fortune, till Charles can find something to do. Meantime the failure of his former business puts a period to the existence of old Formery, who leaves fifteen thousand francs to Leonie. Meantime Mongérand sets up as a wine and spirit merchant. As he has little capital, he obtains Charles's signature to some bills: As Mongérand is one of those who cannot do any business without drinking, Charles and he get drunk. In this condition they intrude themselves into the company of some persons who are celebrating a wedding at the same coffee-house. They are turned out. Mongérand insists upon fighting the people next day, and accordingly an address is given him. Charles returns home late, in a very battered bewildered condition. His wife hears with terror that he is engaged in a duel; but her fears are dissipated next morning by the appear-

ance of Mongérand, who is in a great rage, for the address given him was a false one. The day of payment arrives for Mongérand's bills, and the holder comes to Charles for the amount. Charles is all the poorer for the transaction, and so also is Mongérand. Instead of coffee-houses, Mongérand now takes his easy friend to public-houses. Charles is a little shocked at first, but he soon gets used to it. Charles is at last embroiled in a duel on Mongérand's account, and severely wounded.

In the same house with the Darvillés, in a small room among the attics, lived a young workman, a cabinet-maker, named Justin; he was twenty-two years of age; but the simple sweetness of his face, and the timidity of his manners, made him appear no more than eighteen. Of all the lodgers, he was the only one whom Leonie knew even by sight. In reading at his window he had continually seen Leonie working beneath. Her appearance struck him. At length he got so accustomed to see her, that it was his only pleasure. He desired ardently to speak to her, to serve her, but dared not make an opportunity. Uneasy at the protracted absence of her husband, Leonie goes down stairs to seek some news of him. Justin seizes the opportunity to offer his services. Alas, he only returns to announce the coming of the wounded man. In the confusion, for Leonie faints, he is the presiding genius, and his zeal enables him to acquit himself like one experienced in such scenes. Charles's illness is long and severe, and so reduces their funds, that on his recovery they are obliged to change their lodging for a meaner one. His first task, however, is to visit his mother, who has heard of his mischance, and been ill in consequence. She tells him that she has done all she could for him during his illness; she had sent him money by the people his wife sent to her, but complains that Leonie should have sent drunken men with her messages. Charles guesses justly, that Mongérand is at the bottom of this. As soon as they are settled in their new lodging, which consists of two attics, Leonie sets herself hard to work at embroidery. The children miss much the company of Justin, who had made them his friends during their father's illness. At length they are delighted one day by the sight of him;—he has come to live in the same house. Charles does nothing but play upon the violin, and plague his neighbours by perpetually playing country-dances. One day, going into the house, the porter accosts him, and offers him fifteen francs if he will attend a bridal party as fiddler, at a house where a friend of the said porter's is servant. Charles is offended at the offer, and refuses. He goes up stairs. His wife's eyes were red. For some days the state of health of the little Felix had made her very uneasy; she held him in her arms, for she feared he was cold. Little Laura was running up and down the room blowing her fingers to warm herself. Charles was touched by this picture. "Certainly," said he, "if I went to this dance—fifteen francs,—that is something." He drew near his wife, and said to her—"You do not earn fifteen francs in a day, with your needle, do you?" "Alas! said she, "It is with great pains that I earn fifteen sous;" but why do you ask? "Why—just now—the porter spoke to me;—in short he proposed to me to play dances for a party to-night, and offered me fifteen francs for it." Leonie looked at her husband with anxiety, for her children were cold, and nothing seemed to her too painful to do, that would procure what was necessary for them. "Well, my friend," said she at length, "What did you answer?" "You must know that it could not be very pleasant for me to play the poor fiddler; I learnt the violin for my amusement, not to play to dancing." "Yes," said Leonie, sadly, "I feel all that there is in it which must be disagreeable to you; but when misfortune overwhelms us, we are often glad to turn to those accomplishments we have learnt for our amusement as resources. In short you—" "I refused," Leonie said nothing, she dropped her eyes, and pressed her little son to her heart. Charles was hungry; he opened a cupboard and found nothing in it but bread. He exclaimed, "where then is the dinner?" "The linen-draper did not pay me to day; we have had nothing else." "Deuce! that is a sorry meal!—That rascal, Mongérand! if we catch him!—To leave me in the lurch, after having borrowed money too of me!" Charles finished his sentence between his teeth, and slowly munched his bread for a bit. Suddenly he got up, and exclaimed; "Certainly I will go to this dance." He goes, and is ushered into a room full of people. They are waiting for the future bridegroom, for the wedding is not to take place for a week, this being merely a preparatory rejoicing. At length he comes, and Darvillé recognises Mongérand. Charles is not the only person who is already acquainted with the reckless adventurer, he is recognized also by an acquaintance of his wife's, and the startling fact announced of his being a married man! He is fiercely turned out of the house, and Darvillé of course accompanies him in his ignominious exit. In the turmoil Mongérand breaks the nose of his bride's uncle with Charles's violin, and the violin with the uncle's nose. Mongérand persuades Charles to forgive him for his deception upon his mother, and they go to console themselves in a public-house.

Early in the morning Leonie hears some one enter the house. She goes down stairs to see if it is her husband. It is the porter's friend, come to tell him of the disturbance at his master's house. Leonie, hearing of her husband's danger, falls to the ground. Justin, who has been roused also, lifts her up and carries her up stairs, while he sends the porter for medical assistance. He laid her on the bed, still lifeless. He knew not what

to do, he despaired, he wept, for he thought that Leonie was about to die. He threw himself on his knees before her, took one of her cold hands in his, and endeavoured to warm it, sobbing out, "Ah! do not die, Madame, do not die!—Heaven will not always suffer you to be unhappy!" A little voice alone answered him; it was Felix, who awoke complaining, and asked for drink. A bright redness coloured the child's face. Justin had nothing to give, for there was nothing there. At length the porter returns with a doctor. The surgeon bled Leonie, and she recovered from the fainting; but only to fall into a state of frightful delirium. She called on her husband; she thought she saw him murdered, and accused Mongérand of all their misfortunes. The doctor declared that some one must watch by her while her delirium lasted, and Justin vowed that he would not quit her. While Leonie is in this condition, Charles returns. In his despair, he is rushing from the room, to throw himself into the canal; but Justin detains him. Leonie gets better, but her poor boy dies; a fact that is carefully concealed from the unhappy mother. As Leonie's illness cuts off their only resource, in her need, Justin supplies Charles with money for the necessary things for the family. Money even thus obtained, Charles cannot devote to its proper purpose, but spends much of it at the ale-house. Justin, with all his simplicity, suspects as much, and then purchases the things himself. Leonie is allowed to believe that her husband's violin, though a failure at first, is more fruitful now, and supplies the wants of his family. While Leonie is slowly recovering, news is brought her one night that her husband has been arrested by the guard. She begs Justin to go and look after her husband's safety. At length Justin returns, but alone. Charles is safe, but cannot be liberated till the morning. "And all that is true, is it not, Justin?" "I assure you on my honour." "Oh heavens!—I've been very ill!—and my child, my poor child, who has sat up to try and console me! go, my dear child, go to bed; wait, let me kiss you again." "And you will not cry any more, mamma?" "No, dear Laura." "And you will sleep too?" "Yes."

Laura went to bed; Justin helped the little girl to undress herself, and then he said to Leonie, who seemed overwhelmed by the events of the night, "How do you feel now, madame." "I have suffered much—in my heart—chest—every where!—but that will go off." "You suffer still, I see, madame!—Will you grant me one favour?" "A favour!—I—Justin!—alas! what can I do for you." "Allow me to watch this night near you; to remain there, on that chair! You are ill, and if I knew you were alone, without help, I should not be able to taste repose! Here I shall be more easy! I am responsible for you to your husband! Madame, you will not refuse me!" Leonie remains some moments without answering, and then she murmured, in a voice, in which there was something of solemnity, "Very well! Yes, this night—remain near me!"

"Leonie seemed overcome, she closed her eyes. Justin, pleased at being allowed to remain near her, went to seat himself on a chair a few steps from the bed. He placed the light so as not to inconvenience Leonie, and abandoned himself to his reflections, lifting his head occasionally to hear if she slept, and striving to hear her breathing. It is three o'clock in the morning. The quiet which till now has reigned in the chamber is broken by some hollow sighs which escape from Leonie. Justin approached her, and asked her what was the matter. "I feel very ill," said the young woman, in a faint voice; "the event of this night has killed me. I had not strength to bear it!" "Ah, Madame, you are ill; I will go and seek for help—a doctor!" "Do not go, Justin—it would come too late. Remain near me—that I may speak to you still—while I have the strength." "Oh, Madame, you will not die! do not think so! Oh, do not say so!" "Justin, a doctor would be useless—and every other help!—My life is gone, I feel it." "Madame, for pity—Oh, stay—I shall be able to help you myself—to give you what you want.—This is nothing—a weakness—but not to die—you—can it be!"—And Justin ran like a madman about the room seeking Leonie's customary medicines; then he came back, and throwing himself on his knees by the bed-side, bathed her hands with his tears.

"Justin,—do you weep for me? and my child she sleeps. Ah! she must not be waked. Laura! Felix! you will never abandon them, Justin!" "But, Madame, you are not going to die!—Oh! tell me that you will not die!"—"Charles will return too late! Justin I thank you for all that you have done for me! I should like very much to have seen my child! my poor Felix! He is no longer ill, you told me so! But I would yet pray to God for him!"

Leonie's voice failed—it soon became unintelligible; at last its sound ceased altogether, and the hand that Justin held grew motionless and cold.

Charles returns and finds Justin still kneeling by the bed.

A brother of Leonie, who had gone to sea when very young, returns to hear that his sister is dead. He adopts her daughter, and offers to get Charles a situation in America. Mongérand persuades him to remain with him.

Eight years after this period Charles and Mongérand return to Paris. They have exhausted all their resources. Charles is pale and haggard—Mongérand is untameable even by misfortune. Charles visits Pere La Chaise, he perceives an elegant though plain monument. It contains the remains of his wife and son. A fresh

garland for this Charles lives. issuing but he a brother-window daughter as well, all the fa her eyes who has him with way to c eyes stretches be an un Laura sently re small pic give you Charles his daug kisses a child! "man?" despair. pain. Charles called. rand. " against him, sne to see n not— bidden n Charles. "I have "And I You are on from the caus the tabl listened of her some "I ter has and I c able to p Ah, that Once ag other "which in this, Mo bar his p continue "Insc pity you— and thro pity me, ing! T wife and go—I do "What buseness sparkling light, if y Mongé Charles, "Fire y back a fe together, consensted wounded past his his heart Laura's Mong to give h He put "It is a

FROM THE pub piece of was sug Cobbett's was mar of Lord Translat over esti the origi however with to exercise them pe to show

A Ma Qu Cobb Et Atc

garland adorns it. The appearance of Justin accounts for this care; and he offers assistance to Charles. Charles only wants to know where his remaining child lives. As he quits the cemetery he meets Mongérand issuing from a public house. Mongérand accosts him, but he dies his old companion in disgust. He seeks his brother-in-law's house. He sees his daughter at a window. Charles has not enough eyes to look at his daughter with; or rather he looks at her with his soul as well,—his heart; for a father looks at his child with all the faculties of his being. Presently Laura dropped her eyes upon him; she perceiving a man in the road who has his eyes fixed upon her. At first she regards him with a sort of fright, but very soon her fear gives way to compassion. She thinks she sees tears in the eyes of the stranger, and his hands are joined and stretched towards her. Laura concluded that it must be an unfortunate who asks her charity.

Laura quits the window for an instant; but presently returns and throws out a large bit of bread and a small piece of money, saying "Here! I wish I could give you more."

Charles felt struck to the heart at receiving alms from his daughter. He covered the bread and money with kisses and tears, exclaiming, "Thanks, thanks, dear child!" "Mon Dieu! why do you weep so, poor man?" Said Laura, much moved, "You should not despair. One is not always unhappy. You give me pain. Adieu, I will pray heaven for you!"

Charles walked slowly away, when he heard himself called. He trembled, for he knew the voice of Mongérand. The quondam soldier was leaning with his back against a tree, and as Charles came up, he looked at him, sneering. "Well!" said he, "You did not expect to see me here; I followed you because you told me not—I am in the habit of doing that which is forbidden me." "Will you not leave me to my grief?" said Charles. "Ah I have too often met you on my path!" "I have taken it into my head to keep you company," "And I can no longer bear it!—It adds to my despair! You are the cause of all my misfortunes; you led me on from folly to folly!" "Ah, ha! That is good! I was the cause that my gentleman loved pleasure, women, the table." "Without your bad counsel I should have listened to my wife!—I should not have been the cause of her death!" "Do you know, you grow very tiresome!" "And do you know what I feel?—My daughter has thrown me bread—she took me for a beggar, and I could not declare myself! I shall never more be able to press her in my arms and call her my child. Ah, that thought makes me desperate—it kills me!" "Once again, leave me! Sir, I go this way, go you the other!" "I say, Charles, you have long assumed a tone, which in another I should have chastized!" As he said this, Mongérand placed himself before Charles, so as to bar his passage. Charles pushed him rudely away, and continued his walk.

"Insolent!" exclaimed Mongérand, "if I did not pity you—" "Pity," cried Charles, turning back quickly, and throwing a furious look upon Mongérand,—"You pity me, miserable! this odious wrong alone was wanting! Take care that I do not avenge the death of my wife and my son! Give me your pistols!"—"Charles, go—I do not detain you,—go; I will not follow you."—"What! coward! you can no longer lead me to acts of business!" "Coward!" cried Mongérand, his eyes sparkling; "Ha! you force me to it. Well, let us fight, if you will."

Mongérand took two pistols from his pocket, assured himself they were charged, and gave one to Charles, saying, "Draw back ten paces and fire!"—"Fire you the first," answered Charles, having drawn back a few paces. "Come, damnation! Let us fire together, and have done!" Charles made signs that he consented. The two scarcely took aim; the two reports sounded together; Mongérand heard the ball whistle past his ear. Charles received that of his adversary in his heart, fell, and expired faltering out the name of Laura.

Mongérand approached Charles, meaning at first to give him assistance, but he found that he was dead. He put his pistols in his pocket, and departed, saying, "It is a pity—he was a good fellow."

THE ASS ON THE BENCH.

FROM THE LATIN OF THE JESUIT PERE COMMIRE.

This publication of this version of Father Commire's piece of elegant banter on dullness and dull confidence, was suggested by one that appeared the other day in *Cobbett's Magazine*; but not the version itself; which was made some time ago in consequence of a perusal of Lord Woodhouselee's Essay on the Principles of Translation. His lordship, we cannot help thinking, over estimates the difficulty of making a translation of the original, the pith as well as classicality of which however, is not to be denied. Nor does the translator wish to have his version considered as any thing but the exercise of a lover of the learned languages, too fond of them perhaps, to consider whether his love has a right to show itself on such an occasion or not.

Asinus Judex.

Animalia inter orta cum contentio
Magna esset olim, sedet asinus arbiter;
Quippe aurum mensura liberator,
Et ore toto fusa simplicitas, probi
Atque patientis iudicis spem fecerant.

Primæ ad tribunal se novum sistunt apes,
Direpta questæ mella fucorum dolo,
Cellasque iuanes. Innocentes ille apes
Voce altiore, ceu nocentes, increpat:
Fucosque labis integros pronuncians,
Dat habere ceteros, et favis apum frui.

Clangore post hæc anser obstrepens gravi,
Dato libello supplicæ, orat ut sibi
Sociisque liceat flumina, et lacus sacros
Cignis repulsis, colere. Præses annuit.

Ecce Philomelen Graculus lacessere
Et vocis auidax poscere sibi gloriam:
Litem, inquit, asini finiat sententia.
Jubenter ambo canere. Lascinia incipit,
Animosque teneris omnium ac sensus modis
Demulcet. Ipsa carmina inflexæ caput
Et lenta motant brachia in numerum illices.
Necquicquam. Ineptis plus probatur auribus
Rude murmur atque stridor absurde altis.
Quid multa? fortem viciet, illo iudice,
Columbus aquilam: pulchrior picto fuit
Pavone corvus: ovīs lupo voracior

Valpes, inique scita sibilantibus
Aliud ab illo nil, ait, speraveram,
Cujus palato carduus gratum sapit.

"There are here," observes the learned critic, "many strokes of the *naïveté*, which is the characteristic of a good fable, and of which Phædrus is the perfect model. The 3rd, 4th and 5th lines are peculiarly happy. The judge never hears more than one side, and instantly decides in a high tone of confident absurdity. The goose demands exclusive possession of the water and the expulsion of the swans; *Præses annuit*. The bees complain that the drones consume the fruit of their labour. The judge instantly condemns the bees to banishment, and decrees full possession of the hive and comb to the drones. The fox draws the moral very happily.

The animals disputing went *en masse*,
And took for judge a venerable ass.
His generous length of ears, and all that grace
Of artless musing flowing o'er his face,
Augur'd a patient mastery of the case.

The bees came first, charging, with many groans,
A world of theft upon their friends the drones
The judge groan'd louder, asking what they meant
To blame good folks so plainly innocent.
His sentence was, that bees should labour still,
And honest drones be free to eat their fill.

The goose came next, requesting that the swan
Might have ejunctments served from lake and lawn,
Sweet places, sacred to poetic gods,
And therefore geese's property. Judge nods.

Jay versus Nightingale. Jay represents,
That certain birds have wondrous confidence,
Boasting in song their betters to surpass;—
Appeals with pleasure to my lord the ass.
A sample is required. The bird of night
Begins, and pours forth floods of such delight,
That sense and soul are rapt. The very oaks
Beat time with their old arms and sacred locks.
What signifies? The croak of brother Jay
With justice Jackass bears the palm away.
With like discrimination doves are hail'd
The eagle's lords; the crow is peacock-tail'd;
And sheep has always over wolf prevail'd!

"Nay," cried the fox, seeing one stare and whistle,
"What could you look for from a taste for thistle?"
L. H.

LINES.

SET TO MUSIC BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

LET not a bell be toll'd, or tear be shed
When I am dead.
Let no night-dog with dreary howl,
Or ghastly shriek of boding owl,
Make harsh a change so calm, so hallowed.
Lay not my bed
With yews, and never-blooming cypresses,
But under trees
Of simple flower, and odorous breath—
The time and dog-rose—and beneath
Let primrose cups give up their honey'd lees
To suckling bees;
Who all the shining day, while labouring
Shall drink and sing
A requiem o'er my peaceful grave:—
For I would cheerful quiet have,—
Or no noise ruder than the linnet's wing
Or brook gurgling.
In harmony I've liv'd—so let me die,
That while 'mid gentler sounds this shell doth lie,
The spirit aloft may float in spherical harmony.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

TABLE-TALK

Elegant Intervals of the Fine Arts.—Hayman the painter, it has been said, was a hero of the fist; and that the heroic Marquis of Granby, who was fond of the same amusement, when he went to sit to Hayman for his portrait, insisted upon having a set-to with the artist before he began his work. The proposal was agreed to and carried into effect immediately. They began in good humour, but as the fighting-gloves had not then been invented, a clumsy blow from one roused the anger of the other; they set-to in earnest, and upset easel as well as combatants; the noise made by the fall alarmed Hayman's wife; she burst into the room and found the peer and the painter upon the floor grappling one another like enraged bears, each striving to keep the other down, while himself got upon his legs. She parted the combatants, and when they had re-adjusted their dresses, Hayman proceeded to complete the portrait of his antagonist.—*Shilling Magazine*.

A Remark well worth Universal Reflection.—If mourning were altogether out of use, a vast mass of suffering would be prevented from coming into existence.—*Bentham's Deontology*.

Desirable Source of Revenue.—Henry the Sixth, according to Prynne, actually issued a patent, in which he told his subjects that he should relieve the state of its difficulties by means of the Philosopher's Stone.

A Nice Geographer.—Lady Luxborough, in her letters to Shenstone, speaks of a noble lord, who, having maintained that England was bigger than France, had no way to prove it, but to cut each kingdom out of two maps of different scales, and to weigh them.

Preservation of the City of Dort, in Holland, by Milkmaids. (A story for May).—The Spaniards, in one of their wars in the Low Countries, intended to besiege the city of Dort, and accordingly planted some thousands of soldiers in ambush, to be ready for the attack when opportunity might offer. On the confines of the city lived a rich farmer, who kept a number of cows in his grounds, to furnish the city with butter and milk. His milkmaids, at the time, coming to milk their cows, saw, under the hedges, the soldiers lying in ambush, but seemed to take no notice, and having completed their task, went away singing merrily. On coming to their master's house, they told him what they had seen; who, astonished at the relation, took with him the one who had been most active, to a burghmaster at Dort, who immediately sent a spy to ascertain the truth of the story. Finding the report correct, he began to prepare for safety, and instantly sent to the States, who ordered the soldiers to be sent into the city, and commanded the river to be let in by a certain sluice, which would instantly lay that part of the country under water. This was forthwith done, and a great number of the Spaniards were drowned; the rest, being disappointed in their design, escaped; and the town was thus providentially saved. The States, to commemorate the memory of the milkmaids' good service to the country, ordered the farmer a large revenue for ever, to recompense him for the loss of his house, land, and cattle; and caused the money of the city to have a milkmaid, milking a cow, to be engraven thereon, which is to be seen at this day, upon the Dort dollars, stivers, and doughts. Similar figures were also set up upon the water-gate of the Dort; and to complete their munificence, the principal maiden concerned was allowed for her own life, and her heirs for ever, a handsome annuity.

Filial Account of one's Father's Attractions.—Though my father was neither young, being forty-two; nor handsome, having lost an eye; nor sober, for he spent all he could get in liquor; nor clean, for his trade was oily; nor without shackles, for he had five children; yet women of various descriptions courted his smiles, and were much inclined to pull caps for him.—*Hutton's Autobiography*. The secret of this phenomena on the part of the Birmingham women, appears to have been, that Master Hutton senior, was a very clever, amusing personage.

Reading.—When the business of the day is over, how many men does the evening hour find comfortably seated in their easy chairs, reading to themselves, or to some fair friend, or happy group! In how many pleasant homes, while the ladies are seated at their morning employments, or amusements, or whatever they may please to call them, does some glad creature read aloud, in a voice full of music, and marked by the sweetest emotion of a young pure heart, a lay of our mighty bards, or a story of one of our most cunning interweavers of the truth of nature with the splendour of fiction, or follow the wonderful recitals of our travellers, naturalists, and philosophical spirits, into every region of earth or mind! Publishers may tell us, 'poetry don't sell'; critics may cry 'poetry is a drug,' thereby making it so with the frivolous and unreflecting, who are the multitude,—but we will venture to say, that at no period were there ever more books read by that part of our population, most qualified to draw delight and good from reading; and when we enter mechanics' libraries, and see them filled with simple, quiet, earnest men, and find such men now sitting on stiles in the country, deeply sunk into the very marrow and spirit of a well-handled volume, where he used to meet them in riotous and reckless mischief, we are proud and happy to look forward to that wide and formerly waste field, over which literature is extending its triumphs, and to see the beneficent consequences that will follow to the whole community.—*William Howitt in the Monthly Repository*.

MUSICAL NOVELTY!

On Saturday next, May 10, will be commenced in Weekly Numbers, (printed the usual Music size, in a wrapper), Price SIXPENCE, or in Monthly Parts, Price TWO SHILLINGS.

. The usual allowance upon Music to the trade.

BARNETT'S LIBRARY OF MUSIC, (ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.)

Every Number will contain

AN ORIGINAL SONG,

Composed expressly by JOHN BARNETT, (Composer to the Theatres Royal); also

SELECTIONS FROM POPULAR WORKS,

Arranged expressly.

No. I. Will commence with SELECTIONS from AUBER'S "GUSTAVUS."

Published by E. F. Wilson, Royal Exchange; also by B. Steil, 20, and W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; Berger, Holywell Street; Purkiss, Compton Street; and to be had by order of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

On Tuesday, the 29th April, No. XXVI. of

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS:

Art. I. Spanish Painters.—II. Comparative Mortality of different Populations.—III. Memoirs and Correspondence of Du Plessis-Mornay.—IV. Swedish Periodical Literature.—V. The Austrian Government and the Italian Liberals.—VI. Ichthyology.—VII. Prince Puckler Muskau's Tutti Frutti.—VIII. Post Office Communication between England and Foreign Countries.—IX. Judicial System of British India.—X. Ionian Anthology.—XI. Cousinery's Travels in Macedonia.—XII. Meldinger's Gothico-Teutonic Dictionary.—XIII. Rafn's Icelandic History of the Faroe Islands.—XIV. Miley's Memoirs of the Italian Revolution of 1831.—Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence from Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, &c.

A. RICHTER & Co. (late Treuttel, Wurtz and Richter,) 30, Soho Square; and BLACK, YOUNG, and YOUNG, 2, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. Sold by all Booksellers; of whom may be had complete Sets and Single Numbers of this Journal.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

A NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES of this long-established Periodical was commenced with the year 1834. The Number for May contains, among others, the following articles: Life and Writings of Sir James Mackintosh—Diary of a Lover of Literature, by Thomas Green, Esq.—Correspondence of the Batemans of Derbyshire—Questions Venusianæ, No. III. Lollius vindicated—Sutton Place, near Guildford (with an Engraving) Life of John Field, the Proto-Copernican of England—London's Encyclopedia of Gardening—The Record Commission, No. II.—Cross at Stalbridge, co. Dorset (with a View)—Marriages of the Founder of Dulwich College—Review of New Publications—Fine Arts, Exhibitions, Reports of Learned Societies—Historical Chronicle—OBITUARY, with Memoirs of Lord Teignmouth, Sir G. Bishopp, Dean of Kilmore, Richard Martin, Esq. Colonel Wardle, Anthony Aufrere, Esq., Rev. Daniel Lyons, F.S.A., Wm. Sotheby, Esq., Rev. Latham Wainwright, Rudolph Ackermann, Esq., &c. &c. Price 2s. 6d.

Published by W. Pickering, Chancery Lane.

POPULAR NEW DRAMAS NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

On the 1st of May was published, Price Sixpence, the celebrated domestic Drama of

LOVE'S FRAILTIES; or, PASSION AND REPENTANCE, in Two Acts,

By JOHN JOSEPH STAFFORD.

. One will be produced every fortnight until the whole is completed. The second piece will be

"MY UNCLE TOBY."

London: W. KIDD, 14, Chandos Street, West Strand.

This day, Price only One Shilling.

A VOICE FROM THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

"A very comprehensive title, explaining, far better than we can do, the nature and objects of this excellent publication."—*Globe*.

W. KIDD, 14, Chandos Street, West Strand, of whom may be had, just published,

"CRUIKSHANK v. SIR A. AGNEW, Price 1s. 6d.

"We most earnestly recommend this little work to *hypochondriacs*, and all who require fun at a cheap rate—the illustrations are humorous in the extreme."—*Sunday Times*.

MICROSCOPIC SCIENCE.

Published this day in 8vo., with 300 figures on Steel, price 8s. 6d.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALCULES, containing descriptions of nearly 500 species, with full instructions for procuring and viewing them; and above 300 magnified figures. By ANDREW PATCHELARD, author of the "Microscopic Cabinet."

Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

This work is designed to give a familiar and accurate account of all that is known of these wonderful and interesting living atoms, as revealed by the Microscope, with numerous and faithful drawings; and to render it complete, Ehrenberg's systematic arrangement is added.

THE SHILLING MAGAZINE.

No. I., for MAY, contains the following Original Articles.—I. A Colloquial Essay on Modern Literature, by the late ANDREW PICKEN.—II. Criminal Characters, by the author of "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."—III. An Island not mentioned by Captain Ross, by MISS ISABELL HILL.—IV. Shakspeare and his Prefacers.—V. The Progress of the Fine Arts in England.—VI. The Beggar of Bethnal Green.—VII. Imprisonment for Debt.—VIII. My Clerkship.—IX. A Hackney coach Adventure.—X. The Insurrection at Barbadoes.—XI. Calf Love.—XII. The Editor to his Readers.—XIII. The Creation, a Poem, and other Poetical Pieces.

"This Publication with rather a rough exterior, has very good matter in it. It is, by far, the best Radical Shilling's worth that we have ever seen in the Literary market. Its politics are evidently written by an honest and earnest man with good feelings in him. It is quite the opposite of the impertinence, aping philosophy that we see in the trashy things which affect Science and Republicanism. We must have an extract from its political article soon; meanwhile, let our readers rejoice over the following admirable passage in an article on 'Shakspeare and his Prefacers.'—*The Albion Evening Paper*, (of Tory politics.)

"This periodical has, at the suggestion of the Honourable Member for Oldham, (who it appears from a clever address by the editor, promises to contribute articles) assumed its present designation. It exhibits no falling off in the merit and tact of its contributors."—*Morning Advertiser*, (A Radical Morning Paper.)

"A very clever number."—*The Sun*, (A Whig Evening Paper,) Published by J. Picken, 13, King William-street, Strand, and 11, Crane Court, Fleet Street.

THIRTY PAGES

FOR THE TRADES' UNIONS,

By A MASTER TAILOR.

"The labourer is worthy of his hire."

Sold by all Booksellers.

The only Books of the kind.—Just Published, and for sale by the principal Booksellers, price 21s., in royal duodecimo, printed in two columns, in a beautiful pearl type, and elegantly bound in cloth.

A UNIVERSAL, PRONOUNCING, AND CRITICAL FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY, upon an entirely new plan; containing above 30,000 words, phrases, &c. not in any lexicographer. To which is added, for the use of the British and American Navies, a Dictionary of French and English sea-terms and phrases.

By N. G. DUFIEF.

Also, price 24s. in two large octavo volumes, the 13th edition of "Nature Displayed in her mode of Teaching Language to Man; adapted to the French."

Mr. Dufief has conferred a benefit on mankind."—*Scotsman*. Schools supplied on liberal terms.

Just published, in two thick Volumes, small 8vo., with a correct Map of the Colony.

THE HISTORY OF NEW SOUTH WALES,

By JOHN DANMORE LANG, D.D.

Principal of the Australian College, and senior Minister of the Scotch Church, New South Wales.

"We have seen the land, and behold it is very good."—*Judges*, xviii. 9.

II.

THE ROMANCE OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

First Series—EGYPT. In 2 Vols. post 8vo.

III.

Volume Fourth of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S Edition of

ROBERT BURNS.

Vols. I. II. and III. may be had of all the Booksellers.

IV.

MARTIN'S HISTORY OF THE COLONIES.

Volume I. being possessions in Asia.

V.

NEW RUSSIAN NOVEL.

In 3 Vols. post 8vo.

THE YOUNG MUSCOVITE.

Edited by CAPTAIN CHAMBER, R.N.

VI.

THE LAST WORKS OF JOHN GALT, Esq.

Comprising his AUTOBIOGRAPHY, his POEMS, and

STORIES OF THE STUDY.

Cochrane and McCrone, 11, Waterloo-Place.

THE KING'S PICTURES

of the BATTLE of TRAFALGAR, painted by W. J. HUGGINS, (Marine Painter to his Majesty) and exhibited by permission of his Most Gracious Majesty, with a GALLERY of SUPERB PAINTINGS, amongst which are the celebrated *Christus* and *Seraphim* of Correggio, taken from the Vatican by Napoleon, forming the Third Annual Exhibition, EXETER HALL, Strand—Admittance to both One Shilling.

BELL'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE A LONDON JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, and the FINE ARTS; Sixteen large Quarto Pages, Price Two-pence: published every Saturday.

The Proprietors have great pleasure in informing the Public that, the extreme lowness of price originally fixed on this Magazine has had the desired effect of ensuring a large circulation, which already amounts to

10,500 WEEKLY

and is rapidly increasing every week.

To afford facility to Advertisers, the following SCALE of CHARGES has been decided on:

Space of Six Lines, and under	s. d.
Each additional Line up to Twenty	3 6
Every Five Lines beyond	0 4
	1 6

. All Advertisements must be sent to the Office on the Wednesday preceding the day of publication. Office, 11, Crane Court, Fleet Street.

Just published, Part II., Price 6d., to be continued every Fortnight, of

THE LIBRARY OF POPULAR INSTRUCTION; comprising Elementary Treatises on Scientific Subjects, divested of Technicalities, and adapted to all degrees of intelligence, on the same plan, and partly translated from the *Bibliothèque Populaire*, published by

M. Arago	M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire
J. P. de Beranger	De Jussieu
Duke de Bassano	Las Cases
Count Alex. de la Borde	Orfila
F. Cuvier	Pariset
E. Duchatelet	Villermé
C. Dupin	Ajasson de Grandsagne
Gay-Lussac	

And other distinguished Statesmen and Philosophers in Paris.

Edited by Dr. J. P. LITCHFIELD.

PART I.—THE ELEMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

PART II.—OUTLINES OF GEOLOGY.

NOTICE.

In offering this Library to the British public, the Proprietors beg to remark that they have been induced to enter upon its publication partly in consequence of the extraordinary success which has attended the "Bibliothèque," published by the above celebrated men in France, but principally from the conviction of the necessity of a similar work in England. Knowledge has been called the key-stone of the arch of civilization; up to a late period it has been but too much defaced by technicality, and the difficulties which attended its acquisition. It was the desire of relieving science from their encumbrances that Dr. Arnott, Mr. Babbage, and a host of other learned and excellent men, commenced their labours; and it is a humble but honest homage in the same vein, that "The Library of Popular Instruction" begins its career.

In the course of their publication, the Proprietors intend to draw largely from the parent stock, the "Bibliothèque Populaire." A literal translation of this work would be inexpedient, because of its purely national character, and because also of the different opinions entertained on particular points by the learned of both countries. On some subjects, as geology, zoology, &c. entirely new treatises will be written. In that of zoology, for instance, the principles of the sciences will be first explained, and then again illustrated by reference to the history and habits of animals, in the hope that, by mixing the "dulce et utile," the subject will be divested of its dryness, and rendered more inviting and easy of comprehension.

"The Library of Popular Instruction" will for the future be published regularly every Fortnight, at 6d. each Part.

Published by Sparrow and Co., at the Bell's Weekly Magazine Office, 11 Crane-court, Fleet-street.

LONDON: Printed and Published by SPARROW and Co., at the Bell's Weekly Magazine Office, 11, Crane Court, Fleet Street. WEST-END AGENT—J. C. Picken, 13, King William Street, West Strand.

CITY—W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row. I. BASS, 61, St. John-street, West Smithfield. LIVERPOOL—W. Williams, Ranelagh Place. NOTTINGHAM—C. W. Wright. BIRMINGHAM—Guest, Steel-house Lane. MANCHESTER—A. Heywood. GLASGOW AGENT—John Reid, and Co., Queen street. EDINBURGH—Messrs. Fraser, and Co. 54, North Bridge. DUBLIN—Young and Company, Suffolk-street. The Monthly Parts of this work will be supplied to the Country Trade by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Hill.